MY HIGHLAND

HOME.

My Highland home, where tempests blow,
   And cold thy wintry looks,
Thy hills are crown'd with driven snow,
   And ice-bound are thy brooks ;
But colder far the Scotsman's heart,
   'However far he roam,
To whom these words no joy impart,—
   My native Highland home.
      Then gang with me to Scotland dear,
        We ne'er again will roam ;
        And with thy smiles, so bonnie, cheer
        My native Highland home.

When summer comes, the heather bell
   Shall tempt thy feet to rove ;
The cushat dove, within the dell,
   Invites to peace and love ;
For blithesome is the face of day,
   And sweet's the bonnie broom :
And pure the dimpling rills that play
   Around my Highland home.
      Then gang with me to Scotland, &c.